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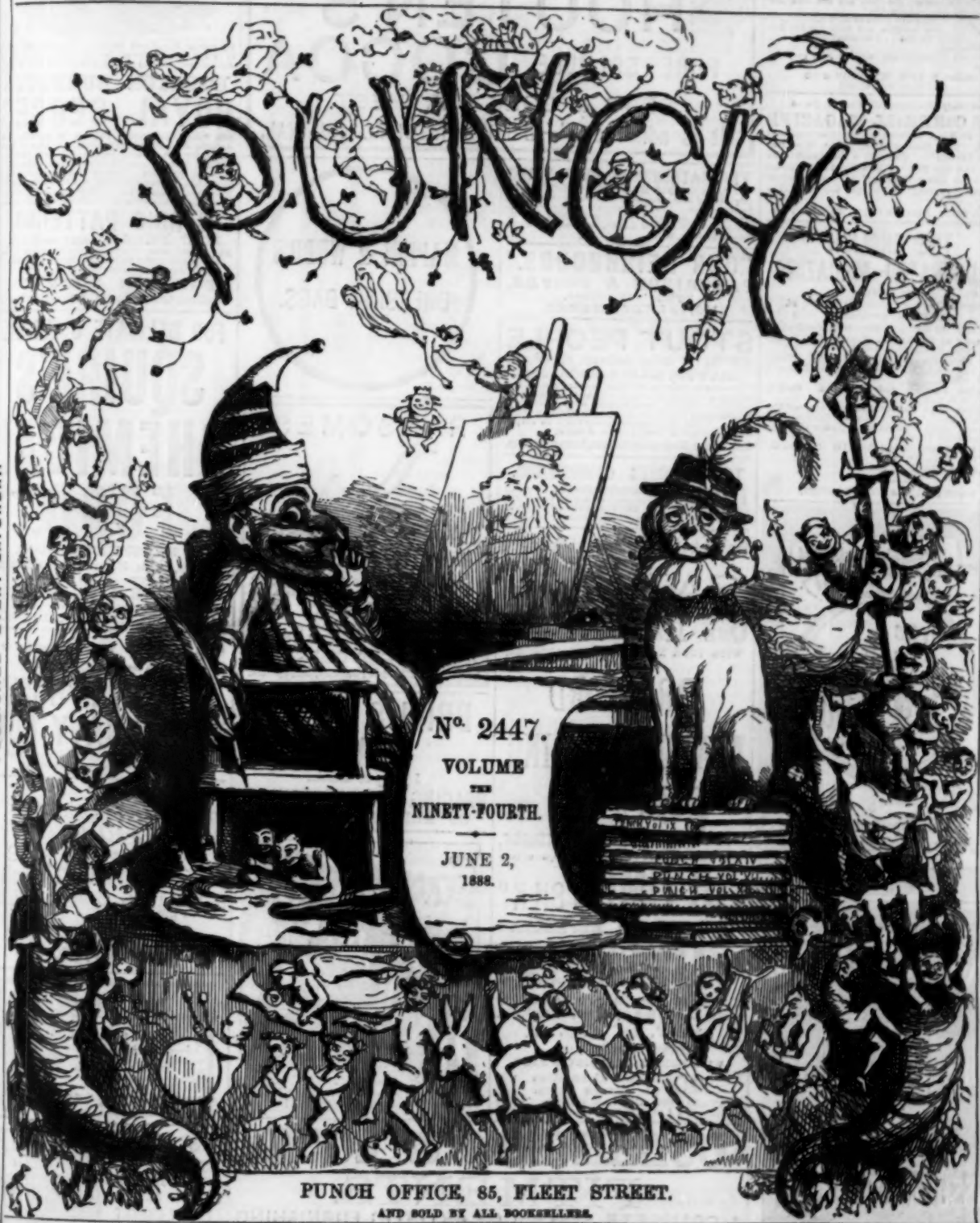

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BAROMÈTRE POLITIQUE.

TO W. G.

(By an Old Admirer.)

[Mr. W. G. GRACE, playing at Brighton last week, made a score of 215 runs.]

OH, W. G., tireless W. G.,
More power to your elbow! although one can see
Your foes hardly wished *that* at Brighton.
How many—at forty—could pile such a score?
But you,—may you do it a hundred times more,
My black-bearded cricketing Titan!
Two hundred and fifteen! Some thundering thumps
The ball must have had whilst you stood at the stumps
Till the trundlers despaired of your wicket.
No wonder they call you, in jubilant glee,
And after another great W. G.,
The very "Grand Old Man" of Cricket! [error!
Well, WILLIAM, there's work for you, friend, and no
There's FERRIS, the Fiend, and there's TURNER, the
Are licking our Counties like winking. [Terror,
Their pitch, and their pace, and their break seem to
flurry
The best of our batsmen from Yorkshire or Surrey;
That's scarce to your taste I am thinking.
I'm sure, my dear W. G., you're a yearner
To "collar" smart FERRIS, and score off of TURNER,
And thump for three figures the pair of 'em.
Well, when you next meet may you flog 'em like fun,
For it's time my swart Titan that *something* was done
To lessen the funk and the scare of 'em.
The Cornstalks are rattlers, my WILLIAM, all round;
As bowlers they're smart and as batsman they're sound,
As good as they make 'em, or pick 'em.
But, WILLIAM, my champion, although we may feel
They're brothers in breed, foemen worthy our steel,
Our duty's to love, laud—*and* lick 'em!

THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.

April 9.—Commenced the morning badly. The butcher whom we decided *not* to arrange with, called and blackguarded me in the most uncalled-for manner. He began by abusing me, and saying he did not want my custom. I simply said, "Then what are you making all this fuss about it for?" and he shouted out at the top of his voice so that all the neighbours could hear, "Pah, go along; ugh! I could buy up 'things' like you by the dozen!" I shut the door, and was giving CARRIE to understand that this disgraceful scene was entirely her fault, when there was a violent kicking at the door, enough to break the panels. It was the blackguard butcher again, who said he had cut his foot over the scraper, and would immediately bring an action against me. Called at FARMERSON'S, the ironmonger, on my way to town, and gave him the job of moving the scraper, thinking it scarcely worth while to trouble the landlord with such a trifling matter. Arrived home tired and worried. Planted some mustard and cress and radishes, and went to bed at nine.

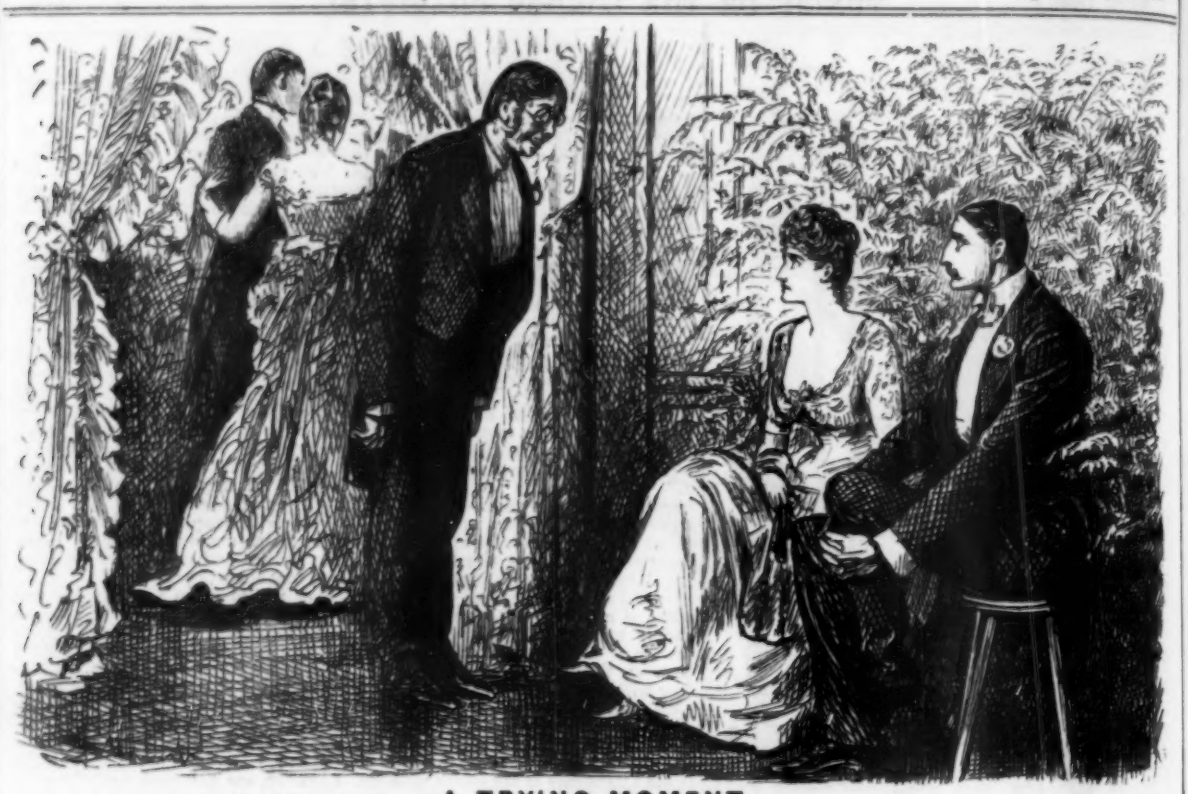
April 10.—FARMERSON came round to attend to the scraper himself. He seems a very civil fellow. He says he does not usually conduct such small jobs personally, but for *me* he would do so. I thanked him and went to town. It is disgraceful how late some of the young clerks are at arriving. I told three of them that if Mr. PERKUPP, the principal, heard of it, they might be discharged. PITT, a monkey of seventeen who has only been with us six weeks, told me "to keep my hair on!" I informed him I had had the honour of being in the firm twenty years, to which he insolently replied that I "looked it." I gave him an indignant look and said, "I demand from you some respect, Sir." He replied, "All right, go on demanding." I would not argue with him any further; you cannot argue with people like that. In the evening GOWING called and repeated his complaint about the smell of paint. GOWING is sometimes very tedious with his remarks, and not always cautious; and CARRIE once very properly reminded him that she was present.

April 11.—Mustard and cress and radishes not come up yet. To-day was a day of annoyances. I missed the quarter-to-nine 'bus to the City, through having words with the grocer's boy, who for the second time had the impertinence to bring his basket to the hall-door, and leaving the marks of his dirty boots on the fresh-cleaned door-steps. He said he had knocked at the side door with his knuckles for a quarter of an hour. I knew SARAH, our servant, could not hear this as she was upstairs doing the bedrooms, and asked the boy why he did not *ring* the bell? He replied that he *did* pull the bell, but the handle came off in his hand. I was half an hour late at the office, a thing that has never happened to me before. There has recently been much irregularity in the attendance of the clerks, and Mr. PERKUPP, our principal, unfortunately chose this very morning to pounce down upon us early. Someone had given the tip to the others; the result was that I was the only one late of the lot. BUCKLING, one of the senior clerks, was a brick, and I was saved by his intervention. As I passed by PITT'S desk, I heard him remark to his neighbour, "How disgracefully late some of the head clerks arrive." This was of course meant for me. I treated the observation with silence, simply giving him a look which unfortunately had the effect of making both of the clerks laugh. Thought afterwards it would have been more dignified if I had pretended not to have heard him at all. CUMMINGS called in evening, and we played dominoes.

April 12.—Mustard and cress and radishes not come up yet. Left FARMERSON repairing the scraper, but when I came home found three men working. I ask the meaning of it, and FARMERSON said that in making a fresh hole he had penetrated the gas-pipe. He said it was a most ridiculous place to put the gas-pipe, and the man who did it evidently knew nothing about his business. I felt his excuse was no consolation for the expense I shall be put to. In the evening, after tea, GOWING dropped in, and we had a smoke together in the breakfast parlour. CARRIE joined us later, but did not stay long, saying the smoke was too much for her. It was also rather too much for me, for GOWING had given me what he called a green cigar, one that his friend SHOEMACH had just brought over from America. The cigar didn't look green, but I fancy I must have done so, for when I had smoked a little more than half, I was obliged to retire on the pretext of telling SARAH to bring in the glasses. I took a walk round the garden three or four times, feeling the need of fresh air. On returning GOWING noticed I was not smoking: offered me another cigar, which I politely declined. GOWING began his usual sniffing, so, anticipating him, I said, "You're not going to complain of the smell of paint again?" He said, "No, not this time; but I'll tell you what—I distinctly smell dry rot." I don't often make jokes, but I replied, "You're talking a lot of *dry rot* yourself." I could not help roaring at this, and CARRIE said her sides quite ached with laughter. I never was so immensely tickled by anything I have ever said before. I actually woke up twice during the night and laughed till the bed shook.

BAD STYLE.—"If there is one thing more than another irrigates me," says Mrs. RAM, "it's to see people mixing their tongues." She instances the familiar quotation, "*Chacun a son* gout." "Why not put it all in French, or all in English? Or, if this medley of languages must be used, why not say, '*Chacun a son* rheumatism,' or '*Chacun a son* neuralgia'?" These complaints, Mrs. R. affirms, are quite as common as gout.

PROPOSITIONS AND RIDERS.—Why not make a few rides under the shady trees through Kensington Gardens, and connect Kensington with Bayswater? Who objects? Why not more Rotten Rows across Park, from Park Lane side to Bayswater? Who can cut these Gordian Why-Nots? "GEORGE RANGER"?



A TRYING MOMENT.

Little Smuggyns. "*My* Dance!"

MR. PUNCH'S GREAT DERBY CRYPTOGRAM.

Donnelly be—dephlogisticated! His "Mammoth Mare's Nest" (as the *Spectator* calls it) is very small potatoes indeed compared with an idea which struck *Mr. Punch*. Mr. Donnelly labours through some thousand pages to prove that Bacon wrote *Shakspeare*, and hid an avowal of the fact something more than "fathom deep" in the arithmetical fog of folios. And hardly anybody will read him. *Mr. Punch*, who has a free pass to the Shades, hit upon the splendid notion of getting Bacon and Shakspeare to collaborate in an article for his pages, which should contain as a veritable "open secret" *the name of the Derby Winner for* 1888!!! And *everybody* will read—and profit by—*him*. Here's the result!

If all *Mr. Punch's* readers after its perusal don't win piles off the coming race—but there, they *are Punch's* readers, which of course means that they are the wisest, brightest, but *not* meanest of mankind. The boxes of Cabanas and cases of '74 Champagne which will crowd *Mr. Punch's sanctum* for some days after the Derby, will sufficiently demonstrate that! Bacon begins:—

ON RACING.

As Racing hath pertinently been entitled "the Sport of Kings," so might it with equal fitness be called "the King of Sports." Youth loveth it, manhood rejoiceth in it, and age gossipeth thereof by the chimney-corner. Racing, like Love, levelleth all. Shopboy and Prince are at one in interest and in hope on one day at least of the year. "How not?" as the interlocutors of Socrates have a habit of asking. It is the Day when the Derby is run! Regiomontanus's prediction, "*Octogesimus-octavus mirabilis annus*" (Eighty-eight a wonderful year) will be fulfilled. Eighty-eight hath produced this prophecy, and the equine wonder—and winner—whose name it enigmatically enshrineth. As to betting on horse-races,—marry, there's the rub!

To bet or not to bet,—that is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in a man to gobble
The Derby luncheon without tempting fortune,
Or take the odds upon a dark outsider,
And so spoil one's digestion. To punt—to plunge,
No more; and by one lucky bet to end
The heartache and the thousand bills and bothers
Poverty 's heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To punt—to plunge;—
To plunge! perchance to lose:—ay, there 's the rub.
For from that plunge what awful dreams may come
When we have shuffled off our Derby togs,
Must give us pause; there 's the consideration
That makes us long for an infallible prophet!
For who would bear false "tips" of sporting touts,
The Welsher's wrong, the Advertiser's snares,
The pangs of backing wrong 'uns all the day,
The insolence of bookies, and the spurns
The patient juggins of the sharper takes,
When he might winners spot and make his pile
With a bare monkey? Who would ever bear
To fret and fume about a "morning wire,"
But that the off-chance of a stunning "*coup*,"
Some undiscovered "System," with whose use
No chap can ever lose, puzzles the will,
And makes us take the bogus tips we have,
Hoping for "morals" that we know not of.

Let the egregious Donnelly decipher this cryptogram, and decide, if he can, the respective shares of "Sweet Will" and facile Francis therein. A world charmed or bitten by the new game of Cryptogram-hunting may,

THE WINNER SPOTTED!

(*By our Lowther-Arcadian Artist.*)

an it please, share the profitable toil. Oh, really beautiful is this! Here lurks the winner!

"Search narrowly the lines!—they hold a treasure,"

as Edgar Allan Poe hath it. *Argal*, ore of opulence, bullion beyond the dreams of avarice "lie concealed within 't."

"Search well the measure,
The words—the syllables! Do not forget
The trivialest point, or you may lose your labour!"

And mind ye are not put off the scent of the veritable quarry by obvious herring-trails, diverted from the true track by false clues! Aha! A cryptogram is naught that is not—cryptogramic. Ask Donnelly else. Not as the crow flieth, but as the swallow wheeleth, wit windeth through this lucre-yielding laby-

"OUTSIDE, SIR! OUTSIDE!"

Mrs. Australia (to John Chinaman). "I'VE HAD QUITE ENOUGH OF YOU! 'NO ADMITTANCE,'—NOT EVEN 'ON BUSINESS'!"

rinth. Be eyes right ready, yet may they miss without subtlety's spectacles. Dark as nether Styx is the wood, mazy as ambient Avon is the track. Green moss or yellow bracken is there little, only sombre umbrage, gloomy as *Ben-my-Chree*, but through its boskage soneth the Big Secret, and, like the *Jabberwock*, it "burbles" as it comes. Go for B. It *can't* be wrong. B is second—in the Alphabet, in which A, of course, is first. The last shall be first. The real one to back is the good animal long openly revealed, exoterically, in fact, in this mystic script. First here, it will of course be first at Epsom. See me reverse! In this way. Yonder real runner evidently bears winning or "realising" colours! Can anything ever receive light as vividly evident, radiant, or clearly keen?

That's clear enough, I hope. Do not holloa till you are out of the wood. But it's in the wood amidst the fern that you will find the Winner. Wins (not whines) from the wood! That tip alone is worth all the money. Pray pile it—dear Mister or gentle Marm,—on *this* horse as heavily as you can. The van cannot be in the rear, nor my selection lose the race. It is "the only sure case among nine outsiders." Don't I evidently mean another nubibustic secret lucidly and not darkly to reveal?

* * * * * *

So far the great clairvoyant Shades, now dropping from Baconian prose into Shakspearian verse; anon even into contemporary vernacular. *Mr. Punch*, who does not, like DONNELLY, take ten years and a thousand pages to decipher a cryptogram, *sees it at once*, and put his money on accordingly. Let his lucky readers go and do likewise! Should any of them fail, he will show them—after the Race—"how it is done"!

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday 21st.—Great excitement consequent upon anticipation of the *rentrée* of Mlle. SIGRID ARNOLDSON as *Zerlina*, and the appearance of Miss MCINTYRE as *Donna Elvira*. Everybody remembered what a charming performance that was last season with Miss ARNOLDSON in the part, and M. MAUREL as the Im-Maurel Don. Audience in state of expectancy. House full by 8·15 in consequence of the *Times* having advertised the performance to commence at eight. Practical joke on part of *Times* at Wits-untied time. Opera really to begin at 8 30. In the lobby, AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS going along full steam, his fine eye with frenzy rolling. Evidently something's up. What? The Curtain, probably. No. "Miss MCINTYRE is like *Richard the Third*," says DRURIOLANUS, throwing off his cares with a light laugh. "*Richard* was 'hoarse,' you remember; so's Miss MCINTYRE." He adds, "She can't sing to-night," and DRURIOLANUS vanishes through a secret panel.

Somebody, looking pale and small, appears before the Curtain. House silent for a solo. The Pale and Small One on stage "regrets" (thrill through the audience) "having to announce that Miss MCINTYRE cannot appear" (damper all round, and people regarding one another doubtfully); "but, in order not to disappoint the public by putting off the Opera"—(audience much relieved!)—"Mr. HARRIS"—(Is he going to announce that AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS will sing the part himself? Excitement!)—"Mr. HARRIS has been fortunate enough to find *the* one person in London who can and will sing the part of *Donna Elvira!*" (We breathe again! Wonderful person, DRURIOLANUS! We imagine him driving at fire-engine speed—perhaps on a fire-engine—all over London, routing up *Elviras*—trying them, discarding them, and finding the right one at last.) "A lady," continues the Pale and Small One, brightening up a bit, "who, as a matter of fact" (here he becomes quite confidential), "has made a great success with this very part in St. Petersburgh"—with which encouraging announcement he pulls himself well together, bows in a familiar but withal respectful manner to the audience, and retires amidst applause.

"Name! Name!" shout voices of inquisitive people, who insist on knowing so much. Whereupon the Announcer returns at once, and in a pleasant, casual sort of way, apologises for having quite forgot to mention that the lady's name is ROLLA—Madame ROLLA. The Apologist seems as pleased with his second appearance, as if he had taken an encore.

The name of ROLLA suggests *Pizarro*, *Cora*, and the child, in SHERIDAN's old play. When Madame ROLLA does appear, she is most heartily received by a grateful audience who thank her for having "kindly consented to oblige." Pretty face, majestic presence, plays and sings admirably; and how she fits into her place without a rehearsal is a mystery. Piquante Miss ARNOLDSON, charming as *Zerlina*, but Signor D'ANDRADE (why not Irishise it as DAN DRADY?) too Hamletty for the gay Don. He picks himself up over the immortal serenade, and the audience forgive and *encore* him vociferously. Everybody delighted with Signor RAVELLI's "*Il mio tesoro*," as also with the great *trio* of masks, before the Ball Room scene, with Mmes. FÜRSCH-MADI, ROLLA, and Signor RAVELLI. *Don Giovanni* evidently had an eye for what *Mr. Mantalini* would have called "Demnition fine Duchesses," for certainly the two cruelly-deceived ladies of title, as personated by Mmes. FÜRSCH-MADI and ROLLA, represent "Quality and Quantity." Miss MCINTYRE wouldn't have been half a Duchess compared with Madame FÜRSCH-MADI. Signor CIAMPI as funny as ever as *Masetto*; Signor NAVARRINI's *Leporello* a trifle cumbrous. The Ball and supper magnificent.

Altogether an eventful evening. I am particularly interested in watching the new arrival, Madame ROLLA, through my opera-glasses. I am "all eyes," so to speak—(at least, it's better *not* "so to speak," as it gives opportunity to WAGSTAFF to say, "Oh, are you? Thought you were all ears!" Must be always on guard with WAGSTAFF present)—but unfortunately a man in the stall just in front of me is all head and shoulders. If I sit up, I can't see over him; I can never see through him; and he is of so restless a disposition, that he is either leaning to the left, to make remarks to his neighbour, or swaying to the right, to obtain a particular view of the stage. When he moves to right, I move to left, and *vice versâ*; only as I cannot calculate on the exact moment of his changing his position, I can never once get more than a momentary glimpse of the stage. Finally give it up as a bad job. At last in the middle of the Second Act his head droops . . . thank Goodness, he sleeps, and I obtain an uninterrupted view of stage. (*Happy Thought suggestion for Druriolanus and Organising Committee.*—Tall men oughtn't to be admitted into front rows. Every opera-goer patronising the stalls should be measured for a ticket. All the tall men at the back and the shortest in front.)

After Second Act great excitement. From the lobby I hear audience making a noise. What has happened? Another apology? I rush to stall entrance. What is it? Anyone ill? No. Only first appearance this season of black cat. It crosses the stage, it visits three private boxes, and is at last kindly taken care of by a gentleman in the stalls. WAGSTAFF said he thought it was KATTI LANNER. Equanimity restored. As I have already remarked, "An eventful evening," and Miss MCINTYRE not missed.

Tuesday.—ALBANI perfect as *Gilda* in *Rigoletto*. Sad Opera *Rigoletto*. Melancholy finish always makes me unhappy. The *Quartette* in last Act of course *encored*, and so was Signor RAVELLI's "*La Donne e Mobile*." This is, up to now, the best thing RAVELLI has done. Madame ZEPPILLI VILLANI, the new *contralto*, is likely to be popular. The choruses magnificent, and once more, as to the *mise-en-scène*, DRURIOLANUS is outdoing himself. Another eventful night,—no bouquets!! New departure, this.

Thursday.—Madame MELBA *dé-buted*, and Signor COTOGNI *rentré'd*. Opera, *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Scotch Opera.—Miss MCINTYRE ought to have been in it, but, as it is, Miss MELBA from Melbourne (real name ARMSTRONG, and "more power to her elbow!") was a great success. Bouquets to-night. Scotch Chorus first-rate, and Scotch *mist-en-scène* admirably arranged by AUGUSTUS HAGGIS. Signor RAVELLI (getting better and better histrionically) appeared as *Edgar*, and sang his dying song like a swan.

Saturday.—See "Our Next."

DOGBERRY'S DIARY.

Monday.—Notice of crime about to be committed at No. 13, Lonely Lane, handed in at office. Residents appeal for protection. Set watch immediately. Special officers told off. Some in disguise. All surround house. Some watching from neighbouring house-tops. Nothing nor nobody can escape our vigilant eye.

Tuesday.—Odd! Burglary and murder been committed at No. 13. Most extraordinary. Sent men in all directions. Somebody, by the way, who,—corresponds to the description given by the residents of the suspicious-looking party,—called with information at office. Sergeant VERGES took down his name and address, and promised to call as soon as possible. Man not since been seen. Can't help repeating, odd!

Wednesday.—Scouring the country for miles round. Made fourteen arrests. One man confessed his guilt.

Thursday.—Thirteen arrested people discharged and cautioned. They thanked the police, and testified to the great care taken of them in the cells. Fourteenth party, who confessed his guilt, is now sober, and asks what it's all about, and where he is. His friends visit him. He is discharged. Twenty arrests made before 9 P.M.

Friday.—The twenty people arrested have been discharged without a stain upon their character. The criminal *is* somewhere about.

Saturday, Sunday, Monday.—Still scouring country. The criminal, of whose description we have issued exact descriptions, was last seen at a public-house within the radius of Charing Cross. The barmaid suspecting something wrong from the way in which he drank his beer, communicated with the police, who, after carefully taking down her statement, and giving her the usual caution, went in company with her to the public-house. The landlord, after some resistance, was arrested; also, barmaid. They were not detained in custody beyond a few hours, and both thanked the police for the kindness and consideration with which they had been treated at the station-house. Criminal still at large.

Six days afterwards.—Criminal more at large than ever. Several burglaries have been committed by him, and in each case he has left a note for the police with a parcel enclosing description of his latest disguise, and a photograph. Not to be put on false scent by this.

Friday.—Made several more arrests.

Saturday.—Arrested persons discharged, and cautioned that whatever they say will be used against them.

Tuesday.—It is just three months to-day since the crime at No. 13, Lonely Lane, was committed. Criminal last seen talking to Detective SHARP, who was in disguise at the time. It is believed that Detective SHARP told him, incautiously, who he was. Neither of them has been seen since. There is some mystery here.

Six Months later.—Criminal of No. 13, Lonely Lane, still more at large than ever. Sure to turn up some time or other. Shall wait. Public interest in case died out. More important cases demand instant attention.

PRETTY SIGHT.—At Oxford and Cambridge. Meeting of "The Coaches." Date uncertain.

"ALL ON T

RIGHT HON. W. H. S. "GENTLEMEN, GENTLEMEN, EXCUSE MY 'SENSE OF DUTY'—THIN

I THE DOWNS."

—THINK TO-MORROW!!" G. O. Minstrel (*sings*). "WITH A DOODAH-DOODAH-DEY!"

"ALL *ON* THE DOWNS."

S-l-sb-ry. Come, now, I do like this; it's really jolly!
Your healths, my boys, all round!
All. Thanks, thanks, dear SOLLY!
S-l-sb-ry. Must say I think that we deserve some fun,
We have worked hard enough.
B-lf-r (languidly). *I* have, for one.
G-sch-n. You let limp looks your reputation mar, man.
R-tch-e. Besides, dear boy, you know you've got KING-HARMAN.
A helpmate such as he deserves a salary.
B-lf-r. Haw! yes—but, really, it's too hot for raillery.
Irish Girl (on stilts). Pray, pretty gentleman, remember——
B-lf-r (starting). What?
You *don't* mean Mitchelstown? That awful rot
Pursue me here? By Jove, a twang Hibernian
Might mar the taste of HORACE's Falernian.
Surgit amari——
Irish Girl. Faith, Sor, thin, ye're clever
At guessing. MARY *is* my name, Sor.
B-lf-r. Never!
Irish Girl. MARY O'BRIEN.
B-lf-r. Here, I say, get out!
Constable, send her to the right-about.
By Jove—that name! It made me feel quite queer.
Irish Girl. Ye Saxon spalpeen, there's no Crimes Act here!
Or you'd give *me* six months, ye murtherin villin.
B-lf-r. Faugh! I believe this is some dodge of DILLON.
S-l-sb-ry. Come, cheer up, ARTHUR! Let this lovely luncheon
Make you forget the Land of League and Truncheon.
R-tch-e. This pie is prime. Lark-pudding is not in it
For flavour. Taste it, G-SCH-N!
G-sch-n. Wait a minute!
This cork is precious tight,—defies the screw.
H-cks-B-ch. You taxed it, G., and now it taxes you.
G-sch-n. I'd like to tax bad jokes.
H-cks-B-ch. Well, make a trial
Upon your own.
S-l-sb-ry. That *would* be self-denial.
R-tch-e. Enable him to take that Wheel-Tax off,
And yet to swell the Exchequer.
G-sch-n. Ah! you scoff!
Where would you be without me?
H-rt-ngt-n. What is that?
B-lf-r. Nigger, in a huge collar and big hat!
(*Voice below, singing his old favourite ditty:—*
"Oh, Epsom is a jolly place,
Doo-dah! Doo-dah!
They think they 'll win on the big race,
Doo-dah! Derby-Day!
But I 'm bound to come out right,
I 'm bound to win one day;
I've put my money on the Irish horse,
Who 'll win, whate'er they say!")
B-lf-r. Poor fellow! Don't he wish that he may get it?
G-sch-n. Thousand to one against. I'd like to bet it.
H-cks-B-ch (to friend below). Have a glass, GRANDOLPH?
Grandolph. Don't care if I do.
(*Aside.*) I say, old fellow, though, they *are* a crew!
Look at old SWELGROVE there, how he is fuming!
Fears that the lot of wine they are consuming
May get into their heads, and lead to dizziness.
To-morrow they must all be back at business;
St. Stephen's Stores re-open. Twig old SOLLY!
Made up his mind that he 'll, for once, be jolly.
HARTY alone sits silent and sedate;
His soul seems concentrated on his plate.
S-l-sb-ry. Come, boys, a bumper round. Now then, my HARTY,
Your glass! Do make yourself one of the party!
A toast!
Omnes. Hear! hear! A toast!
S-l-sb-ry. Well, charge your glasses.
This is a toast that no one ever passes.
Ready? That 's right, dear boys. Well, then, I give,
"Our Noble Selves. Long may *our* Union live!"
Omnes. Hear! hear! Hooray! Ourselves! Away with sorrow!!!
Sm-th (anxiously). Steady, dear boys! Remember, there's to-morrow!

MRS. RAM was present when MR. FREDERICK COWEN embarked for Australia. "I was not acquainted with the Gentleman personally," she explained, "though I knew his compositions. However, as I was seeing some friends off, I was present at his embrocation; and, as I had seen photographs of him, directly I set eyes on him I recognised his liniments."

THE HANGLODANNISH XHIBISHUN.

IN addition to all I discribed last week, there's a Picter Gallery as will astonish a good menny of our own Painters. Sum on 'em I calls reel staggerers, and quite diffrent from any that I ever seed afore. For instance there's 1 or 2 that made me that mellancolly to think of what sum people has to go through, and the kind of life as sum people has to live, as made me urry out into the blessed sunshine jest for a change. But they are not all like that. "*O contrare,*" as the Germans says, there's one lovely little boy a setting hunder a tree all as naked as Master Kupid hisself, a trying for to pick a most butiful Rose off a great big tree. He tries to look as if he rather liked it than otherwise; but if the East wind was a blowing where he was, as it did outside the room where I was, he must have been froze to death direckly as the sun set.

Robert at an Opening.

Of course it was all right, while they was about it, to choose such a jolly cold nite for the hopening day as to make us think as we was really in Denmark, where, as we all know, even *Amlet* said as the hair bited so rudely as to make it werry cold; but I think, as fur as I was conserned, I shud ha liked it jest a leetle warmer.

There's a nice little Theater bin bilt up in the Garden, and if what I was told by one of the Gentlemen of the Press,—and I allers beleeves all as they says, just the same as I does all as they rites—was true, that little Theater will be that scrowged ewery heavening that it will posserbly bust. He acshally told me as they means to play one hact of the Tragedy of *Amlet*, the part of *Amlet* by the reel Prince of Denmark! at the speshul request of his butiful Sister.

Grayshus Goodness! what a idear! and the charge for admission is to be 1 Ginny for a reel Lady, and 2 Ginnys for a reel Gentleman, and no one else ain't to be alowed to henter not at no price.

I have herd of one rich person, who is not considered to be quite a reel Gennelman, as has hoffered to give a hundred ginnys to be allowd to hact as one of the Hofficers in the Play. I am harf promised that praps I may be allowd to carry a Banner, but my hopes scarce haspires to so giddy a hight.

One of the Denmarkish Sailers as speaks a little Inglish, told me as they thinks nothink of catching half a dozen whales of a morning before breakfast. I didn't understand what he ment when he torked of their sticking Sharp Poons into the poor things to make 'em blubber.

Considring what a remarkabel jolly cold country Denmark looks to be, I'm sumwhat disappinted at the werry few new Drinks as they has brort over with 'em. Memory looks back with fond delite to the grand old times last year, when BUFFERLOW BILL and his Satterlites introduced me to a new Drink for ewery day in the year, xcept, of coarse, Sundays, when in coarse nobody don't want no drinks, or if they is werry uncommon thirsty they can repeat Saturday's. Can I ever forgit my sensashuns when I fust tasted "White Tiger's Milk!" or the "Flash of Lightning," or the "Parson's Delight!" or, far above all, the "Yard of Flannel!" Never! or my enwious estonishment at seeing the Savages of the Wild West toss off three of them "Nock-me-down" Drinks in sucksession without winking! Ah, them was grand times, them was, which has gorn, I fears, never to return! I shall try and get a peep at the Etaliens, close by, to see what they can do in that line.

ROBERT.

A SURREY SITE.

MR. ALEXANDER MACMILLAN, the well-known publisher, has given his house and grounds, Knapdale, Upper Tooting, to the proposed Suffragan Bishop of South London, which gift has been "gratefully accepted." "Gratefully accepted!"—rather! Why, who wouldn't have gratefully accepted it, without being a Suffragan Bishop? "ALEXANDER the Grate-fully-accepted" has done the thing well, and has generously sacrificed the reposeful-sounding Knap-dale for the rest of his days. To give a site like this is doubly valuable, for "*Bis dat qui site-o dat.*" But, in honour of the beneficent donor, why not build on this site a splendid Cathedral for South London, after the model of the grand duomo of Milan, and call it the Cathedral of McMillan? "Vell," as a Foreign Gentleman observed, "the Bishop 'ave got der money,—dat is von ting; now he 'ave got der house and ground of Knapdale,—dat is *two ting.*" (*Foreign Gentleman subsequently caught, and sent back to his friends.*)

WOLSELEYAN MAXIM FOR THE "SOLDIER'S POCKET-BOOK."—"Indiscretion is the better part of valour."

A STRAIGHT TIP.

Visitor (to Sporting Character, who has got hold of his Watch-guard). "AMERICAN TICKER—GERM' SILVER CHAIN——"

Sporting Character. "OH—THANKS! BEG PARD'N!" [*Lets go!*

CORRECTIO.—Carissime Punche,—Legi in tuâ impressione Epistolam PETRI PUGNACIS de pugnis puerorum. Sed facit parvum errorem dicendo quod TOMMIUS BROWNUS pugnavit cum FLASHMANNO. Hoc non ita fuit.

FLASHMANNO erat egregius bullius in scholæ domo (cujus PETER nunc est et ego olim fui alumnus), et unâ nocte TOMMIUS BROWNUS (is qui nunc est suus Honor Judex HUGHES), et HENRICUS sive HARRIUS ORIENS, adhuc parvuli pueri, pugnaverunt cum eo in aulâ,—adjuvante quodam (si recte memini) DOBBS, sive DIGGS, qui vidit æquum ludum—et vicerunt. Sed pugna illa TOMMII celeberrima fuit cum quodam WILLIAMS, cognomine SLOGGER, et orta est ut sequitur:—Uno die Magister quidam juvenis (scilicet ut audivi, COTTONIUS, is qui postea fuit caput magister Marlburiæ et episcopus Calcuttæ), capiebat classem alii Magistri, cujus ARTHURUS (id est, STANLEIUS, posthoc præclarus Decanus Westmonasteriensis) erat caput. Legendo HOMERUM ARTHURUS lacrimis solvitur. Tum Magister ponit super SLOGGER, qui non bene paratus venit ad dolorem construendo, et descendit ad fundum classis, cum impositione. SLOGGER iracundus minatur punchere (non intendo jocum) caput ARTHURI post scholam. TOMMIUS hoc audiens intervenit, et pugna sequitur, in præsentia juvenis BROOKII (præpostoris) et totius scholæ, exceptis illis, qui in aulâ manentes furando aliorum cibos sibi unctum parant. Hæc est vera historia quam potes, si vis, legere in TOMMII BROWNI libro immortali. Tuus veré, OLIM RUGBÆENSIS.

HAND AND GLOVE AT A NEW SPA.—At a meeting of a Syndicate for the exploitation of the bromo-iodine Spa at Woodhall, Lincolnshire, Dr. BURNEY YEO (our Only Nautical Doctor, "Yeo, my boys, yeo ho!") hitched up his main braces, and observed that there was a growing desire "to encourage English Spas." We hope so. Boxing has once again come into fashion, so has glove-fighting, and what more does anyone want in the way of an English Spar? Sir SPENCER WELLS was also present on this interesting occasion. What would any watering-place be without Wells? We did not see the name of Dr. ROBSON ROOSE among the professional visitors to the Woodhall Pump-Room, which is odd, seeing that in his latest book, *The Treatment of Gout in Toto*, he strongly recommends Woodhall Spa, and draws such a pleasant picture of the place as to make the realisation of it quite a *Roose-o's Dream*. In fact we thought he was the first discoverer of the place—a sort of Dr. ROBINSON ROOSE-O. Why go abroad for our regular Homburg, when we can get it at home? Plenty of Flats to let in Lincolnshire. "Better to bear (*i.e.*, support) the 'Wells' we have, than fly to others that we know not of."

STANLEY.

(*With Apologies to Mr. Browning's "Waring."*)

I.—I.

WHAT 's become of STANLEY
Since he gave us all the slip,
Started off, as gay as can be,
On his Equatorial trip,
Sworn on his returning track
To bring fame—and EMIN—back?

II.

Ichabod, Ichabod!
To EMIN he 's departed.
Does he travel up the Congo?
Or hobnobs he with some Pongo
Of a native Afric chief,
Some slave-dealing royal thief,
Whom he marvellously teaches
To be honest and wear breeches?
Who has heard a rumour swell
Of a white man just upstarted
In the Bhar Gazelle?
How he tames the cruel-hearted
Millions there, who now revere
COLT's revolvers, home-brewed beer?
Haply through that torrid zone
To their goal he 's brought his band,
And—just as 'twere LIVINGSTONE—
Lifts his hat, holds out his hand,—
"EMIN PASHA, I believe?"
Do such flattering thoughts deceive?
Shall we greet his well-known face
Once more in the market-place?

II.—I.

"When I last saw STANLEY——"
How all turned to him who spoke!
You saw STANLEY! Truth or joke?
Stark mad must the man be!

II.

"Near Uganda we were hunting,
When one of us espied
Shoreward borne a bit of bunting
To a topmast tied.
Out there stepped a bearded man,
Eye like vulture, head like lion,
Skin all browned and bronzed like tan;
Not the sort of man to try on
Playful jests with, one perceives,
Nor to bore with make-believes.
It was STANLEY"—(how the speaker
Was surrounded! How we drank
All his words!)—"the EMIN-seeker,
Stood there, on that bank.
'Tell them—tell friends far away,'
STANLEY said, 'I'm here with EMIN.
Failed to reach him? That's a dream in
Dotards' heads! But here we stay.
Some day, haply, from the gloom
We'll emerge, and, past Khartoum,
Past the shrieking GORDON-slayers,
Down to Berber we shall win,
Till our strange-built dahabeahs
Make the Cairo gossips grin!'.

III.

"Then he paused—turned on his heel—
Would have vanished past appeal;
But, as though our voiceless wish
Stayed him, he turned back, and said,
'Have you some Cut Cavendish,
Snuff, or any decent bread?
Thanks! My men expect me now.'
So he stepped on board his prow."

IV.

Ah! We hope that tale is true!
That the traveller, over-due,
May do that for which he went,
And become more Emin-ent!
Down the White Nile gleams his van?
What's the news in Kordofan?

NEW PIECE AT MRS. JOHN WOOD'S THEATRE (*when it opens in October*).—*Les Surprises du Divorce; or, What will MISTER Grundy say?*

OUR JAPANNERIES. No. 2.

SOME EPSOM OUTSIDERS.

THE Emperor of RUSSIA'S *Threatened European Disturbance*, by *Unceasing Military Preparations*, out of *Sight*.

MR. GLADSTONE'S *Deferred Home Rule*, by *Enthusiastic Statesman*, out of *Reckoning*.

Lord SALISBURY'S *National Defence Muddle*, by *Machinery of Departments*, out of *Gear*.

Prince FERDINAND'S *Bulgarian Crown*, by *Patriotic Aspirations*, out of *Patience*.

M. LESSEPS'S *Panama Canal Lottery Loan Scheme*, by *Visionary Dividends*, out of *Reach*.

MR. DILLON'S *Baffled Plan of Campaign*, by *Nationalist Agitator*, out of *Temper*.

Lord Mayor DE KEYSER'S *Over-confident Imperialism*, by *Some Recent Remarks*, out of *Taste*.

Lord CHARLES BERESFORD'S *Restored British Naval Supremacy*, by *Utterances of Assiduous Champion*, out of *Office*.

Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S *Latest Political Somersault*, by *Tory-Democratic Acrobat*, out of *Bounds*.

MR. STANHOPE'S *Recent Military Scare*, by *War Office Organisation*, out of *Order*.

CONSERVATIVE EXCLAMATION ON READING THE RESULT OF SOUTHAMPTON ELECTION, MAY 23.—"Good Evans!"

IS MARRIAGE A LOTTERY?—No, it isn't. Lotteries are illegal.

VOCES POPULI.

AT A HUNT STEEPLE-CHASE.

In the Paddock.

Horses being led round in Circle. Jockeys receiving final directions.

Owner (*to Jockey*). Now—you know where you 've to go? Down the hill, over the hurdles with the white flags——

[*Nod of intelligence from Jockey.*

Trainer (*correctively*). *Red* flags.

Owner. I *mean* red flags. Then keep along by the flying course, and take the bank between the red flags——

Trainer. White *and* red—first time.

Owner. Red and white flags—through the gap when you turn——

Trainer. Not through the gap till the second round.

Owner. Oh, isn't it? Well, over the hedge then, white flags.

Trainer. Not white flags for the banking course, Sir.

Owner. And the Starter will tell you the rest. (*To* Trainer, *as Jockey goes off to saddle mount.*) There—if that fellow makes any mistake now, he shan't ride for me again!

An Owner with a Grievance (*to anybody who will listen to him*). It 's a sheame o' they Stewards. Passed *Giraffe*, and gone and disqualified my mare, *Camel*, for being over height! See for yourself. *Giraffe* stands higher by a inch. Look at the teu together. I ask any fair-minded man. They're all afreeâd of her—that's what 'tis, they're afreeâd of her!

[*As often as he sees a Member of the Committee, he drags his disqualified mare up to him, and harangues bitterly. Committee-men decline, with one accord, to reopen the question, and leave* Owner *to ventilate his grievance outside, which he does, at intervals, throughout the day.*

On the Course.

Artless Young Lady (*on drag—to Organiser of Sweepstake*). Oh, ought I to pay you a shilling?—I didn't know—and take one of these tickets out of the hat. You must tell me *which!* May I open it yet? Number Two. Which *is* that? Oh, *Sugartongs*—white and silver. I must try and remember that. [*Preliminary canter.*

Sportsman (*on drag*). That 's *Jampot*—cherry and plum sash. Best horse running to-day by a long chalk—regular clinker. Wish I could have got on at a better price. *There* 's action for you!

The Artless One. He looks such a *scraggy* thing, and his jockey 's wearing gaiters. I 'm sure *he* won't win! Is that man with the red flag going to race, too? Why is he riding down there with them?

[Sportsman *receives her prattle, which is intended to be very engaging, with silent contempt.*

Rustic Spectators. They 're off—no—false start! They be off neow, sure! Theer they go! *All* over!... *Pretty* jumpin'!... Theer 's *Toastrack!* Ben't Tommy a pikin' of en, tew? Well done, my sonny, go on!... Look at *Jampot* jumpin'—he's runnin' away from 'em all!

Lady Sportsman. Why doesn't *Jampot's* jockey let him out?

Her Husband. Well, it rather looks as if he was going to let the public *in!* Look at *that!*—deliberately waiting for *Muffineer!*

A Sage (*in market-cart*). Tell 'ee what—if that 'orse as is leadin' neow don't lose any more greound than that, 'e'll *win*. You mark my words!

Crowd (*on Grand Stand*). *Eggcup's* down! *Butterdish* has gone outside the flag—there, he 'll hev to go back, he 'll hev a job to get up to them now! Look at *Jampot*, he 's ahead again... Beertiful strider, ben't he? Don't 'ee fall now, my darling! A-ah! *Muffineer's* on him again—he 's passed en!

The Artless Young Lady. Oh, *isn't* it exciting! (*Looks to see if anyone is looking at her, and is disgusted to find that everybody is absorbed in the racing.*) I don't see *my* horse jumping. Why?

The Sportsman (*coldly*). Possibly because he came to grief at the second bank, and is being walked in.

Artless One (*with a charming pout*). How perfectly *horrid* of it! Why do they all groan at *Jampot* so? Don't they want him to win?

The S. Because his jockey 's doing all he can to let *Muffineer* pass him.

Artless One. But I think that 's so nice and magnanimous of him!

The S. I doubt if the Stewards will take your view of it.... There, pulling the poor brute's head off! It 's all over, and *Muffineer* ought no more to have won than——

[*His feelings fail him. Crowd groan at* Jampot's *jockey as he pulls up, a bad second. Jockey affects a pained surprise.*

In the Paddock.

Chorus of Disgusted Sportsmen. Well, after *that!*... I *am* dashed. Ever see anything more barefaced in all your life? So badly done, too! No wonder these country meetings are going down.... If this was under Grand National Rules—&c., &c.

Excited Bookmaker (*forcing his way in, and up to owner of Jampot*). It 's a shame and a disgrace, Mr. Cubbard. You ought to be warned off every course in England! If *Jampot* could ha' broke his reins, he'd ha' won easy! It oughtn't to be allowed. 'Tisn't English, no, nor yet honourable. I tell you to your face you're a scoundrel, and you know it. It 's all your doing!

[*Owner tries to look as if such accusations were beneath his notice, and walks away, pursued by* Bookmaker.

Indignant Backer (*tackling Jampot's jockey as he unsaddles*). Ye rode foul, ye did—ye're a slipsher! Ye pu'd the 'arse by the gratt when 'e was winnin'!

Jampot's Jockey (*sulkily*). Ride better if ye like, but don't say I pu'd the 'arse!

I. B. I *do* say it. Ye're a disrespeckful man to ride on any course. Ye did pu' the 'arse, ye *did!*

J's J. (*with warmth*). Don't call *me* a disrespeckful man!

I. B. I *do* call ye a disrespeckful man. Ye done wrong!

J's J. Then don't say I pu'd the 'arse agean! (*And so on, ad lib.*)

The Bookmaker. Everyone on the course saw it. It 's a scandalous thing, and there ought to be some notice taken of it. Fair is fair all the world over!

Bystanders. 'Tis a trieu word. But, Satchell, 'e don't ought to cast first stone at en.

Sportsmen. No good bullyragging the boy. He had to ride to orders, or be turned off next day! Ah! here comes the Admiral! Now for a row!

Outside the Weighing-Room.

Inquiry proceeding; Secretary keeping door against surging Crowd.

Secretary (*to a tall man who is trying to look through a chink*). Don't 'ee now, Sir, don't. Don't take an unfair advantage of your superior height. The proceedings are strictly private.

The Tall Man. You be blowed! I've paid my half-crown, and I mean to see all I can for the money!

Crowd (*peeping through window*). They 've got the boy in there. He 's getting a rare good wigging. (*Door opens.*) *A Voice*—Send Mr. Cubbard here!

The Sec. Mr. Cubbard! Wanted by the Stewards. Policeman, pass the word for Mr. Cubbard!

Crowd (*with relish*). Cubbard 'll catch it now.

Policeman (*with a grin*). Mr. Cubbard gone 'ome, Sir.

[*Murmur, commending Mr. C.'s discretion.*

Inquiry over. Stewards come out of Weighing-room perspiring freely. Crowd press around to hear result.

Stewards. You 'll see our decision in the papers to-morrow. You won't hear any more to-day; so it 's no use bothering. Here, let's get out of this!

Stable-boy (*to Jampot's Trainer*). Will *Jampot* be wanted any more to-day, Sir?

Trainer (*gloomily*). You can take him home, soon as you like!

After the Last Race.

First Owner of Losing Horse. You see it was this way. *Toastrack* had a strange boy on his back, and so o' course——

Second Ditto. That theer boy 's bin ridin' tew many races, he hev. They git weak, ridin' so much. I *told* en not to let *Butterdish* bolt with en—he *will* bolt at times.

Third Ditto. *Eggcup* didn't fell. 'Twas her jockey falled off o' she. She was gallopin' way from them all. She'd a come in teu fealds ahead 'ithout that.

Fourth Ditto. Oh, that other was ridden very jealous, and so old *Sugartongs* she got baulked at the bank. If there 'd 'a bin another reound, she'd ha gien 'em all a proper doin', sure 'nough!

Fifth Ditto. I've sin *Creamjug* run a deal rougher nor that. She run away from a field o' fourteen-two galloways in a flat-race once, she did. She worn't in form to-day, that 's all.

[*They go home, each with a comforting conviction that he has won what the leader-writers on bye-elections would call "a moral victory."*

"Derby Anticipations."

By Major Growler.—Drive down—dust—dirt—N.E. wind—lose money, time (probably watch), temper, health, and laid up for weeks afterwards.

By Our Mark Tapley.—No Derby without dust—fresh wind—N.E. wind, or "N.E. wind" you like—jolly lunch—lose a jolly lot—or win—jolly companions—jolly hot, or cold—holiday jolly day—jolly good headache—jolly well tired.

The Real "Scilly Isles."—If we don't see to perfecting our Army and Navy, so as to be ready in case of emergency, Great Britain and Ireland will be known as "The Very Silly Isles."

☞ NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

WAR!

IF IT BE POSSIBLE, AS MUCH AS IN YOU LIES, STUDY TO LIVE AT PEACE WITH ALL MEN.

O world!
O men! what are ye, and our best designs,
That we must work by crime to punish crime,
And slay, as if death had but this one gate?—*Byron.*

WHAT IS MORE TERRIBLE THAN WAR?

OUTRAGED NATURE. She is never tired of killing, till she has taught man the terrible lesson he is so slow to learn—that Nature is only conquered by obeying her. . . . Nature is fierce when she is offended, as she is bounteous and kind when she is obeyed. Ah, would to God that some man had the pictorial eloquence to put before the mothers of England the mass of preventible suffering which exists in England year after year!—KINGSLEY.

HOW MUCH LONGER MUST THE CAUSES OF THIS STARTLING ARRAY OF PREVENTIBLE DEATHS CONTINUE UNCHECKED?

For the Prevention of Disease by Natural Means, use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."

AT HOME, MY HOUSEHOLD GOD; ABROAD, MY VADE MECUM.

A GENERAL OFFICER, writing from Ascot on January 2, 1886, says: "Blessings on your 'FRUIT SALT'! I trust it is not profane to say so, but, in common parlance, I swear by it. Here stands the cherished bottle, on the chimney-piece of my sanctum, my little idol—at home my household god, abroad my *vade mecum*. Think not this the rhapsody of a hypochondriac. No; it is only the outpouring of a grateful heart. The fact is, I am, in common I dareay with numerous old fellows of my age (67), now and then troubled with a tiresome liver. No sooner, however, do I use your cheery remedy, than exit pain—'Richard is himself again!' So highly do I praise your composition, that, when taking it, I grudge even the sediment that will always remain at the bottom of the glass. I give, therefore, the following advice to those wise persons who have learned to appreciate its inestimable benefits:

When ENO'S SALT betimes you take,
No waste of this elixir make;
But drain the dregs, and lick the cup
Of this the perfect pick-me-up."

Writing again on January 24, 1888, he adds: "DEAR SIR,—A year or two ago I addressed you in grateful recognition of the never-failing virtues of your world-famed remedy. The same old man in the same strain now salutes you with the following:

When Time, who steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,
Eno's 'FRUIT SALT' will prove our stay,
And still our health renew."

FEVERS, BLOOD POISONS, &c.—"EGYPT, CAIRO.—Since my arrival in Egypt, in August last, I have on three separate occasions been attacked by fever, from which on the first occasion I lay in hospital for six weeks. The last two attacks have been, however, completely repulsed in a remarkably short space of time by the use of your valuable 'FRUIT SALT,' to which I owe my present health at the very least, if not my life itself. Heartfelt gratitude for my restoration and preservation impels me to add my testimony to the already overwhelming store of the same, and in so doing I feel that I am but obeying the dictates of duty. Believe me to be, Sir, gratefully yours, A CORPORAL, 19TH HUSSARS.—May 26, 1883.—Mr. J. C. ENO."

EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA, AUSTRALIA, AMERICA.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS.—"Please send me half-a-dozen bottles of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' I have tried ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' in all parts of the world for almost every complaint, fever included, with the most satisfactory results. I can strongly recommend it to all travellers, in fact, I am never without it. Yours faithfully, AN ANGLO-INDIAN OFFICIAL."

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see the Capsule is marked

"ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'"

Without it, you have been imposed upon by a worthless imitation. SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS.

Prepared only at ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

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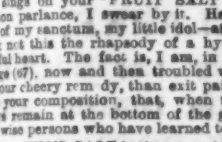

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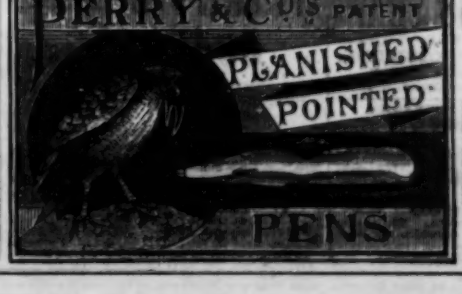

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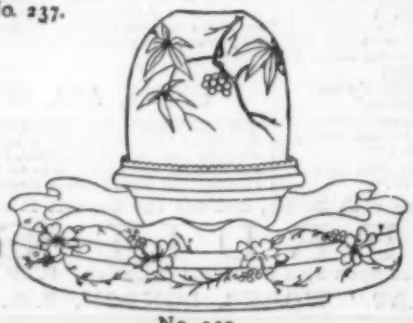

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